Here Are Four Stories on One Page

I. Which Is Mary Pickford?

ONE makes her living by being Mary Pickford, the other by pretending to be. One stands before the camera for a few hours every day and receives $2000 a week: the other tramps up and down Market Street in San Francisco all day long for a salary considerably less. Both are the same height, have the same hair and eyes, the same figure, and the same smile. Both are the same age. At first glance can you tell which is the famous Mary Pickford, and which is pretty little unknown Mae Knight?

"I just acted like I was used to it, but I was awfully scared," is the way Mae Knight describes her first appearance in rags on the crowded streets of 'Frisco. It was J. A. Partington, owner of a big motion-picture theater in the city, who first conceived the idea of putting out a walking ad for Mary Pickford. He advertised for a blonde girl who looked like Mary, and received two hundred replies. Out of the crowd he picked Mae Knight, who had been working at the nice, clean job of putting white frosting on little white cakes; and now, whenever the theater shows a picture of Mary Pickford in a country girl part, it is Mae's business to walk the streets dressed as Mary Pickford appears on the screen. There is always a pack of curious people at her heels. But Mae never sees them. She has cultivated a far-away look, as if she were seeing a vision of a far country—as, indeed, she is. The far country is the movie studio: the vision is herself as a famous movie star—some day.

One of these girls is Mary Pickford, who is paid a hundred thousand dollars a year for looking sweet and sorrowful. The other is Mae Knight, who receives a somewhat smaller salary for walking the street and looking like Mary. Now, which do you think is which?

II. A Recipe for Making Millions

TWENTY years ago Emma A. Summers was a music teacher. To-day she is a more than one-time millionaire. And she didn't fall heir to it, either. By work and by worry she made it.

In those days when she taught music Los Angeles was a small village with few pianos, and the little girls came to her house to practise. When there were more than enough pupils for one piano she bought another piano and another, until she had seven.

Then oil was discovered in Los Angeles. By that time Emma A. Summers had saved $700 from her teaching, and she borrowed $700 and decided to sink a well. Before she knew it, her oil-well had swelled this to ten thousand, then twenty and twice twenty. But all the time the seven pianos were kept working day and night. She was still teaching music when she had a dozen wells.

She hired all her own men, tested every barrel of oil she handled, bought all her own tools and supplies, bought her own horses, kept her own books, and wrote her own letters.

When Emma A. Summers borrowed that first $700 she believed that when she could write her name to a check for ten thousand dollars and know it was good, she would quit business and content herself with the ordinary woman's life. But by the time she was supplying gas companies, railroads, factories, hotels, and laundries with oil, and was hauling, blacksmithing, and manufacturing paint as a side issue, she knew she was in business for life. Then it was she let the little pianists go, sold off the pianos, and rented a suite of offices downtown.

Asked one day for her recipe for success, this was her answer:

"Work intelligently. Give your fellow man a square deal. Know more about your business than the other fellow knows about that business. Work—work—work, with concentration, self-sacrifice, singleness of purpose, eternal vigilance, rigid economy, giving at all times the very best that is in you. Have faith in God, believe in yourself, and work. Then, if you have strength and health and live long enough, you may attain what the world calls success."

Twenty years ago she was a teacher of music. To-day she is more than a millionaire, and the only song she can play is "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Photograph, B. H. Smith.

III. He Has Killed 4000 Hawks

TO rid the world of 4000 chicken-hawks in a single life-time is going some. That is the present tally of William H. Osmun, of Pontiac, Michigan. Mr. Osmun, who is now more than seventy years old, is still an expert marksman, and claims the world's record for killing hawks. The accompanying picture shows the result of one day's shooting—eleven hawks.

His plan is this: the hunter carries his pet owl—one that has been taken from a nest when young and reared in captivity—in a basket to a likely hawk hunting-ground. The bird is set up on a stump or stake in a clearing, and the hunter hides near by. Presently from afar the owl is spotted by his enemy, the crow. The crow will fly to the scene and begin a solo of cawing, which attracts others of its species.

Attracted by the commotion of the crows, a hawk will soon appear. He is just as unfriendly to the owl; but, instead of being content with noisy demonstration, he swoops downward toward the bird on the stake. Then out steps W. Osmun, pop goes his trusty shot-gun, and another chicken-hawk bites the dust.

"You may not believe it," says Mr. Osmun, "but the owl seems to like the sport, and is always anxious to go on a hunting expedition. The owl I have now was taken from the nest four years ago."

For fifty years Mr. Osmun has hunted hawks in Michigan, and, needless to say, is a popular citizen with the farmers and poultry breeders of that State.

A pretty good morning's catch of hawks, isn't it? He has killed 4000 and holds the world's record. He does it with his shot-gun and his little old pet owl.

Photograph, R. M. Foley.

IV. The Wooden Shoe Trust

IN a tiny, trim little workshop built by himself of cobblestones, August Vuillemot, one time of France, carries on the only wooden shoe manufacturing business in New York State. His "plant" is located on the shore of Oneida Lake, near the village of Cleveland. There for thirty-five years he has been engaged at his novel trade, and in the course of that time has sold thousands of pairs of shoes. His workshop is located near a highway much traveled by automobilists, and many stop to buy his shoes as souvenirs of their trip. The wooden shoe, or sabot, which surmounts his shop as a wind-cock, is the sign that advertises his calling, and it attracts the attention of nearly every one who passes his way.

The Vuillemots came from a section of France that is noted for its wooden shoe making industry. There are four villages built on the industry, and, all told, probably 3000 persons engaged in it. The Vuillemot family have followed the trade for at least four generations, "Gus" says, and maybe longer. The lack of a peasant class in the United States, however, has rather circumscribed the demand for his product, which perhaps explains why "Gus" for so long has been the wooden shoe trust.

Although not classing themselves as peasants by any means, the farmers living in the neighborhood of the Vuillemot workshop buy his shoes in considerable numbers. They find them light and comfortable for morning and evening wear, both inside and outside the house—and how they do last!

"Gus" can make six pairs of shoes a day. As he charges only fifty cents a pair, however, it can readily be understood that, even after a life-time of hard work, he is not a rich man. He is a contented man, though—which is better. He makes enough for the needs of himself and his wife, takes a day off when he wishes, and enjoys life more thoroughly than many of his fellow monopolists.

Photograph, H. F. Holmes.

Want wooden shoes? Write to August. August is the wooden shoe trust.